which a certain rather questionable admiration was quite a large element), a mixture certainly picturesque enough for the use of

the most exacting of romantic artists.

Days slipped by. Orton improved rapidly. The old man, Felicie and the colored youth were very attentive and kind to him. This colored youth, Bobo by name, was a quiet, reserved quadroon whose shrewdness quiet, reserved quadroon whose shrewdness did not show in his rather languid face. He was of medium stature, slenderly though compactly built, and by no means ill favored. The offices performed by him were those of a trusted and intelligent house servant. Lintely he had been watching at night beside Orton's bed. He usually came in at about 11 o'clock and remained until after dearlight had appeared. after daylight had appeared.
One night Bobe had something to say to

Orton, a message to deliver, and he scarcely knew how to begin. Orton became aware of this through the fellow's behavior, and after some diplomacy got him started. The fact is the artist was suspecting that possi-bly the message was from Felicie, but in this he was mistaken.
"You know the little ma'm'zelle over at

Mo'sieu Garcin's, do you, Mo'sieu Orton?" Bobo began looking sidewise at Orton as he "Lalie, you mean?"

"Yes, mo'sieu."
"Certainly, I do."

The young quadroon remained silent for a while, still eveing Orton out of the cor-ners of his dark yellow eyes. Presently he "Well, she wants to know when you are

coming back there." 'Oh, I don't know, Bobo, perhaps never, I shall go away as soon as I get strong enough; but when did you see Lalie, Bobo?" and Orton in a kindly tone of inquiry.

The slave grianed and shook his head significantly. "You mustn't ask me that,

mo'sieu, ii you please. My master does not allow me to go there. He hates them all, you know."
"But they know that I am here and safe,

"Yes, mo'sieu." 'And is Monsieur Garcin safe and well?" "Yes, mo'sieu."
"Well, Bobo, if you ever see them tell them that I send my best regards, that I shall always remember them."
"Yes, mo'sieu."

The slave sat with his eves downcast, and for awhile was silent. Presently he looked for awhile was slient. Fresently he looked up with a sharp, inquiring glance, and said; "Mo'sieu would like to get away?" "When I am stronger I shall go," Orton answered, but he was not thinking especial-

ly of what he was saying. His mind was

pace his room with the aid of a chair and to sit in the window that overlooked the bay or to lounge in the one that faced the woods, Bochon liked to come up and spend some time with him in conversation. The old man, reserved in a way, was yet quite free to speak of certain parts of his wild, adventure-some life, though Orton noted that time and place were usually not given when any particularly interesting incident was described. He spoke very fully of his niece, giving He spoke very fully of his niece, giving Bobo, who had been in the room a moment before had slipped out, as some unusual

Paris or in London, among the people who can best appreciate beauty and loveliness. can best appreciate beauty and loveliness.

It was the first time Orton had heard a tender word fall trom the old man's lips. A gentle sentiment from a man like Rochon is stood up all forget/ul that he ever had felt a singularly effective. A tremendous animal force behind it, and the ponderous roughness which acts as foil for it, make it so different from an ordinary expression of human sympathy, and give it such quality as comes only of extraordinary elements of "Spirits rushed together at the touching of the line." Low at first sight and marriage. as comes only of extraordinary elements of life. Orton felt this, and grew strangely attrached to Rochon, studying his giantesque traits and admiring his lion-like attitudes and motions. One morning the old man had a company to Orton's room, and was standing at the window overlooking the woods. Su idealy he turned upon Orton and blustly dersanded: "What do you suppose makes that little nigger wench of Garcin's skulk the other. I've seen her every day for a week past, lurking in the edge of the

"Lalie, do you mean?" inquired Orton. "Garcin's girl, Lal, yes," responded Rochon, "the little pop-eyed wench has some devilment in her head, I think, and if I get hold of her I'll thrash her with a cowwhip till she'll be glad to go about her own

Bobo was standing by with a stupid ex-pression on his face, but Orton noticed a malignant gleam in his half-closed eyes and a curious twitching at the angles of his heavy jaws.

"Is Lalie really hanging around here, as Monsieur Rochon says?" Orton inquired of

"I don't know, mo'sieu, certainly," said Bobe; but it was easy to see he was lying.
"Tell her, Bobo, to go home, do you

"Lalle has no home now," replied the negro with a strange strain of pathetic sug-Orton started. For the first time a realization of the utter rain of the Garcin home swept into his mind, and with it the desolation of Lalie's life came in startling distinctness. Perhaps his imagination made more of it than the facts warranted; but

Rochon and his followers. "No home, you say, Boba? Lalie has no place to stay? "Oh, she would not go up to Honey Island with her folks," said the slave dolefully, as he gazed steadily at the floor and lexily twirled his thumbs. "She stays with Manme Robert, the fortune-teller.

there must have been great distress over on Bayou Galere after the visitation of old

All this was very unsatisfactory to Orton. It distressed him, but he could think of no way to relieve the situation. He leaned upon the sill of the open window and gazed down into the tender gioom of the mosshung forest where a chorus of birds shook the tangled sprays with their songs. This slender, but intense, touch of tragedy brought out by Bobo's account of Lalie senses. He was in a manner dated by the picture suggested. And at this moment, as he leaned out of the window and simlessly glanced from ritt to ritt in the trees, his eyes met those of Lalie looking fixedly at him. Her features were pinched and eager, her hair somewhat disheveled; in hand she held

## CHAPTER VII.

THE VENTURE OF LALIE GARCIN. It was but a momentary glimpse, such as the hunter sometimes has of some wild fierce animal whose eyes flash out of the crepuscular nooks in the densest woods, but Orton knew Lalie Garcin's face and felt the strange effect of her searching look. In that second of time he realized (what he had not fairly thought of before) that the girl was really a negro of perhaps quarter blood. She disappeared instantly, leaving him in no happy frame of mind.

When Mile, Rochon came in a few min utes later Orton was in a brown study, still leaning over the window sill and not

"What do you find so attractive down there in the trees?" she added, as he turned to answer her greeting.

If Felicie Rochon had been beautiful

heretofore in Orton's eyes, she was lovely in her queen-like loftiness and sweetness. She came and sat down on the window sill beside him, a fine glow in her cheeks and in her eyes the light of superb health and perfect happiness, albeit a certain uneasiness was tirring in her heart.
"I saw nothing attractive, mademoiselle,

but something that has touched me deeply.
"And what was it?" she asked-

"And what was it?" she asked.
"It was little Lalie Garcin," he said, very gravely, almost sadly. "What will become of her, poor little girl!"

"Oh, but these negroes can get along almost any way," replied Felicie indifferently enough, but without any of the heartlessness the words might seem to imply.

"The Garcins had such a beautiful home over there on the Bayou Galere," he insist-ed; "it must be terrible to them to lose it and in such a way."
"A delightful home, monsieur," she re-

peated, "the Garcins?"

He saw by her looks and by the tone in which she spoke that she knew nothing of the real facts connected with the tragedy at the bayou-that she was quite ignorant of the strange barbaric luxury with which Garcin and his family had been surrounded. Orton felt at once that he must not enlighten her too much.
"Oh, well," he remarked, "they had many comforts usually denied to people like

What he said was all a fairy story to her in the wonder of it, and yet she felt that he was unfolding real life to her.

"And very soon you will be going back to that delightful world," she said, presently, with a long, fluttering sigh. "How I wish—" She stopped short, and a rosy blush flashed into her cheeks.

full of other things.

Bobo smiled knowingly and shook his head as if to say that he very much doubted whether the young man could do just as he pleased about quitting Rochon place.

When Orton had recovered sufficiently to pace his room with the aid of a chair and to path his room with the aid of a chair and to path his room with the aid of a chair and to pace his room with the window that overlooked the bay and the pace

Grton a history of her life, from which it appeared that she was an orphan from infancy, her parents having been victims of some one of the dreadful massacres in the West Indies.

"She has had no one to look to but me," said he, "and God knows I am a bad guardian for a girl like her. She ought to be in Paris or in London, among the nearly and the stairs and out into the adjoint the stairs and out into the stair and out into the stair and out into the adjoint the stair and out into the adjoint the stair and out into the stair and out into the adjoint the stair and out into the stair and out into the stair and out into the adjoint the stair and out in down the stairs and out into the edge of the

> culmination of life for those strong an imaginative young people that love came in and crowned them at the moment when one

While the old, old drama of love was thus being enacted within the stately Rochon house, the tragedy of sudden death had disclosed itself just beyond the walls at the edge of the wood.

Gaspard Rochon, with a heavy cow-whip is his hand head agreed to receive the results of Talking

was about to need so much the protection of

in his hand, had gone in search of Lalie Garcin. He could not brook the thought that a negro should dare to play the spy upon his estate, much less a Garcin negro.
"The sneaking little wench!" he exclaimed with a scowl, which on his face was peculiarly sinister, "I'll teach her how

to be peeping in at my windows."

He had seen her down there as he chanced to look out of Orton's casement, and some-thing in the respectful friendliness of Orton's tone in speaking of her had exasperated the old man mightily.

Lalie in fact had no evil motive in lingering around Rochon place. The desire to see Orton, of whose convalescence she had heard through Bobo, was her only impulse in the matter. It was rarely indeed that one of her race thought of vengeance upon a white who had done a wrong, no matter how great; but if the virus of revenge once set itself in the negro blood there was no andidote but death. The girl would have fled when Rochon approached her had she seen him a little sooner; but she was watching the window in which Orton and Felicie Rochon were visible; and she had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. The blood was all gone from her face, leaving it a strange ashy brown, her eyes were burning, her lips purple and compressed. She was as rigid and almost as lost to her immediate surroundings as if she had been a statue. Recent experiences with the bitter deprivations attending them had left her without those little adornments and graces which had done so much for her half-savage beauty, and now she looked distraught almost as she gazed fixedly up at the open window, her hair disheveled, her cheeks drawn, her brows fur-rowed with the strain of her intense feel-

ing. "Ho, here! you little black wench! What are you doing here?" roared old Rochen, as he rushed forward and brought down his Garcin had thrilled throughout Orton's whip on the girl's shoulders with a keen senses. He was in a manner dazed by the and be gone from here or I'll thrash you to death in a minute!" He struck again. That was the last time that Gaspard Ro-chon's whip ever fell upon a negro. Lalie Lalie leaped to her feet and sprang away. As she did so she faced about and confronted her assailant. The old man saw the muzzle of her leveled gun and jumped forward to strike it down. Too late. The slender jet of fire and smoke and the ringing report came first. He was shot through the heart.

Bobo appeared on the spot a few minutes
later and Lalie was gone. He stood for a
moment gazing at the dying old man, then,
with a horrible look in his face, he picked

up a heavy pine knot that lay near and delivered three or four heavy blows upon Ro-chon's head. This done he ran wildly away into the woods in pursuit of Lalie. [Concluded Next Sunday.]

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THE COST OF PRIVATE CARS. Not Within the Menns of All of Us, Yet Less Than Reported.

leaning over the window sill and not sware of her presence. She paused involuntarily just inside the room and stood half-smilling as she looked upon his knight-look in the state of bright gold hair curling over his shapely shoulders. Lately he had been improving rapidly, and now it fashed into her mind that he must soon be strong enough to go away. The thought had its pang, and with it he sweet sudden sense of agreet addition to the value of life came like some waft from a perfumed and bloomy Eden of which she had had many girlish dreams during the luxurious isolation of her past appearance.

"Good morning, Monsieur Orion," she presently exclaimed.

Than Reported.

L. Louis Globe-Demoerat.]

The store the count his light it is geed in the late to cut people's legs off, but makes a pecially of diseases of horses and children.

I do not know this. I just give it as a bacte and the importance of bright gold hair curling over his shapely almost and the only pleasure the passed of the could be appointed minister to some place, and the apointed minister to some place, and the apointed minister to some place, and the apointed minister to some place, and the point ment came in a way that she could not honour his first the work study from \$100,000. Stories are printed about 5200,000. The fact of the matter is that a lace car cost about \$12,000 complete. The make up from \$100,000. Stories are printed about 5200,000. The fact of the matter is that a lace car cost about \$12,000 complete. The make up from \$100,000. The fact of the matter is that a lace car cost about \$12,000 complete. The make up from \$100,000. The fact of the matter is that a lace car cost about \$12,000 complete. The make up from \$100,000. The fact of the most of the position of the province of the position of the province of the position of the province of the position of the provi

## NYE MEETS PEOPLE

While on His Barn-Storming Career, and Casually Refers to

SOME OF THEIR PECULIARITIES.

Joseph Cook, Dr. Mary Walker and Razzle-Dazzle Riddleberger. AND WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I HE life of a barn stormer is filled with change, in one sense-He is constantly meeting with different people. Almost all of them are that Way, They are difwrent from each other. This is a wise provision of nature by means of which we are en-

abled to distinguish individuals, one from the other. The barn stormer moving about She changed the subject and began to ask him questions about New York and the life of people in great cities. She had the hunger for world knowledge which attacks of people everywhere, excepting in his people everywhere, excepting in his people everywhere. the country, therefore, has an opportunity for the study of human nature which is

THE GREATEST MAN ON BARTH, Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, accordhave on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a trand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which ne is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he curses the newspapers in an earnest way, and then he goes back to hover over his porcelain nest-

egg of thought.
Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe daytimes and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all the time for fear that a new laid planet will wander away into the brush and get lost.

He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to



Joseph Cook at Work

be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him.

When he is colicky and fretful it is that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the Creator. He has been accustomed for so long ator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil can searching for a hot journal in the solar sys-tem that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric con-ditions and astronomical phenomena. In direct contrast with the firm and selfreliant Cook, let me briefly mention the name of the shy and reticent Dr. Mary Walker, of Washington, D. C. Shrinking at all times from the gaze of the world, lift-

ing at times her sunny little head like a dewy daffodil with a pen-wiper overcoat, dewy daffodil with a pen-wiper overcoat, and then again shutting up like a jackknife, And a call at six or near, And our trunks brought up, that the porter A NEW WRINKLE IN PANTS.

Dr. Mary Walker dresses plainly at all times, and at eventide irons out her own trousers so that the crease down the leg or limb is the envy and admiration of all the other men in Washington. She says, however, that in ease you are not where you can obtain a hot flat-iron, you may fold the trous-ers straight down from the first suspender button in front, bringing these two buttons together, and with a fold down the center of the back you have them in good shape to again fold directly across the knee. Then by putting them under the mattress, you will find in the morning a very desirable crease down the front of each leg or limb of

the pants, or trousers.
Dr. Mary Walker is a self-made man weighing, in health, a little over 83 pounds She wears a Derby hat, "Lord Chumley" overcoat, trousers of elephant's-breath cheviot, held in place by means of broad knit blue yarn suspenders with red morocco ends. Formerly she wore a more frail but more attractive suspender, but experience has taught Doc that we should not allow our love for the beautiful to overcome our

reverence for the imperishable.

Her practice prevents her in a great de Her practice prevents her in a great degree from mixing up in society, even if it were not for her shrinking nature. When she does go out, however, the matter of decollette dress does not worry her. She never were a low cut dress in her life, and yet people may be found everywhere who will tell you that she has done very little for the good of society. She wears a swallow-tail coat on dress occasions, and, in winter, to prevent taking cold, wears the vest of her business suit next to her in order to protect the chest. She steps blithely along the street, trying to be a perfect genalong the street, trying to be a perfect gen-tleman, but meeting with insurmouniable

obstacles at every step.

Dr. Mary Walker may be seen frequently at the various departments in Washington, modestly asking to be appointed to something, or later on escaping from the door of the department hurriedly, in response to an appeal by the doorkeeper.

A CHEERFUL CHAPPIE. On a muddy day she may be seen frequently standing on one foot, and, with the other resting on a drygoods box, cheerily rolling up the leg of her trousers, so as to look like a chappie. She is a good physician, but an indifferent surgeon, I am told. She hates to cut people's legs off, but makes a specialty of diseases of horses and children. I do not know this. I just give it as a rumor. She would accent a portfolio if it

an old endowment robe, she made her way to the nearest Justice of the Peace and seto the nearest Justice of the Peace and se-cured the arrest of the boy. Great crowds of people gathered at the trial. People knocked each other down in their efforts to get into the courtroom. At the end of the trial the boy was found guilty. He was fined \$5 and trimmings, which amount was paid by the jury, after which the crowd presented him with a gold headed cane.



Dr. Mary Walker at Home A few weeks ago I met on board a Boston bound train the venerable Josiah B. Grinnell, for whom the thriving young city of Grinnell was named. He is as hale and hearty as he was when the historical incident occurred which gave him his start and made a classic of that simple sentence, "Young Man, Go West."

of people in great cities. She had the hunger for world knowledge which attacks all healthy-minded young persons reared in isolation with access to books full of romance and poetry. He had already disclosed his own life-history to her, but she could not tire of hearing about society and manners and customs of the people with whom he had been reared. He told her his experience as an art student in Paris and Rome, of his tramps in Switzerland and his wanderings in England and Scotland. It was charming to watch the play of color in her face and to hear the quick come and go of her breath as she followed his words with the eager, unreserved interest of a child. What he said was all a fairy story to her in the wonder of it, and yet she felt that he was unfolding real life to her.

"And very soon you will be going back"

really wonderful. He sees large numbers of people everywhere, excepting in his audiences, of course. This is a really the only place where he can be by himself—where he can be alone and commune with himself.

Strolling about over the Union, as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communing with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance as it struck me might be of interest to the reader, I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few under the general title of "Eminent Men Whom I Have Saw."

THE WENT WEST.

Josiah was the young man to whom Horace Greeley addressed the above remark, and Mr. Grinnell has demonstrated that it was a wise one. While the chances are somewhat narrowed down for a young man now to go West and start a city and build an opera house and open a bank, the theory that a young man to Mr. Grinnell has demonstrated that it was a wise one. While the chances are somewhat narrowed down for a young man to whom Horace Greeley addressed the above remark, and Mr. Grinnell has demonstrated that it was a vise one. While the chances are somewhat narrowed down for a young man to water the provent man HE WENT WEST.

juley worm in it.

Mr. Grinnell still has the letter written by
Mr. Greeley at the time, and although he Mr. Greeley at the time, and although he has not yet succeeded in reading it all, he is absolutely certain, almost, that Mr. Greeley suggested that he would do well to go West. And so he did. It seems odd, now, that Mr. Grinnell should have been addressed as "young man," for he is in the sere and yellow leaf period, having just left his measure for a new set of teeth a few days before I for a new set of teeth a lew days before I saw him, and which had not as yet been delivered. But he was a good talker, none the less, and as full of life as on the day he started out for Springfield, then a very young town, and began to do newspaper work in order to fit himself for the ministry. He quit the pulpit on account of his voice, which, in trying to adjust itself to the acoustics of his salary, gradually narrowed down until it could not be heard beyond the

third row in the orchestra.

I tried to get his photograph for use in this letter, but he hesitated and finally got out of it. I also saw him shudder, and I thought that perhaps he had a prejudice against allowing his plain and rugged features to appear as a proposed of the same and a support of the same and a support of the same and suppor features to appear near my own piquant and sunny face. So I forgave him and we parted the best of friends. He is a very fluent con-versationalist and Prohibitionist. He versationalist and Prohibitionist. He speaks earnestly about the evils of rum, and he has the right of it so far. How he will succeed with prohibition I do not know. Certainly there are places where it will take weeks and weeks yet to thoroughly overcome the evil. Take Washington, for instance, during a

great celebration. Probably for months yet you can get intoxicating liquors in Washington if you go at it right and elbow your way up to the bar. RAZZLE-DAZZLE RIDDLEBERGER. This naturally brings up to my mind the

has just closed his tempestuous career as a Senator, and who may now at home, in the quiet of his back yard, carefully scan his highly flavored past. As usual, the Con-gressional Record will contain only the most meager account of his closing remarks in the Senate, but it will go along in the memory of those who heard it with the speech of Andrew Johnson, as twin arguments against the excessive use of mince pie flavored with

In closing this letter I will call attention to the fact that the bern-stormer runs up against one query which is duplicated over and over again, till it becomes with us the refrain for a topical song. It is: "Where do you go from here?" And so as it falls into rude rythmical shape, I append it here:-

"And where do you go from here?" asks the host at our hotel,
"And where do you go from here?" asks the boy who answers the ring of our bell.
We have ordered ice water and towels and

And our trunks brought up, that the porter may ask,

"Where do you go from here?"
The fireman asks, as he builds the fire,

"Where do you go from here?"
And the old friends, too, ere their calls expire,

"Where do you go from hore?"
The barber who shaves us and grasps his tip,
As we hurriedly disappear,
With "call again" hushed on his trembling lip,

"Where do you go from here?"
"And where do you go from here?" Oh,
heavens!

heavensi
"And where do you go from here?"
heavensi
"And where do you go from here?"
Till in fancy we stand at the last command
Facing our doom with fear;
Facing the keeper of the gates,
As he peers outside with a leer
And says, "Oh, yes; you're them lecturers—
"Where do you go from here?"

Diel mys 0 HE WOULDN'T GO SLOWER.

A Story of Wm. K. Vanderbilt and an Engineer on the Maine Central.

New York Sun.] A pretty good story is told of Engineer Simpson, one of the veterans of the Maine to take the car to Portland, whither the millionaire desired to go. Simpson was the engineer, and he pulled the car along toward Portland at a surprising rate of speed. At Brunswick, a stop was made for water, and while there Mr. Vanderbilt got out and requested the old engineer not to drive so fast. Simpson eyed the nabob a quarter of a minute, and then replied: "I am running this train under orders from Payson Tucker to be in Portland at 1:07. If you want to stop here, all right: if you



girls are taught nothing but embreidery and graceful repose. The chief end of man is to keep cool, and the first thought of him who builds a house or store, makes a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes, cooks a meal, rows a boat, drives a wagon, or, in short, does anything whatever, is to keep out of the heat. Any Yankee could come down here and show these people how to accomplish the desired end at half the trouble they take, but they would never be taught. They have everything as their lorefathers in the South of Spain had it, and have made no changes for 300 years. ALWAYS AFTERNOON.

HOME LIFE.

It is the practice of the business men to

STRANGE TALES.

Published in a Chinese Paper.

A Chinese newspaper published in Hong Kong gives the following marvelous account

recent traveler in that country, and pub-

lishes at his request. Tibet, he says, is de-

which the sound of Pali talk and ringing of bells flow in harmony through forests and valleys. In one part there grows the

Banchin Lama are both able to foretell births and deaths and future events, and are

also able to solve all doubts and difficultie

All Tibetans slain in battle are honore

The Craving for the Antique.

Then it was discovered that the picture was

report that it was painted by an old master. Somebody said it looked like a Guido, while

fies an absurd craving for the antique. And yet here in this city there are artists whose

The Missing Tip Link.

Mrs. Conley. Shtep up behind wid yure

Fagan, but it's th' dom poor way!-Judge.

WHY overwork the system? Get rid of your cold; assist it with Dr. Bull's Cough

the cleverest of modern landscapes.

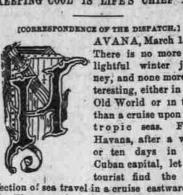
New York World.]

of the future.

Tropical America is the Region for an Extensive Winter Tour.

KEY WEST AND THE CIGAR MAKER The Popular Imaginative Idea of Cuba Rather Far From the Reality.

KEEPING COOL IS LIFE'S CHIEF AIM



There is not a chimney nor a cooking stove in Havana; not a carpeted room nor a feather pillow, and very few windows have glass in them, but are protected by iron gratings and heavy, solid, wooden blinds. The sidewalks are narrow ledges of stone, the sidewalks are narrow ledges of stone AVANA, March 15 .upon which two people cannot go abreast or pass each other, and as most of the burdens are carried upon the backs of men, one constantly finds himself hustled into the middle of the street by a cargadore with a pannier of ill smelling stuff upon his back, There is no more delightful winter journey, and none more interesting, either in the Old World or in this, Old World or in this, or a fat black woman who comes bearing than a cruise upon our down upon him with a basket four feet wide tropic seas. From
Havana, after a week
or ten days in the
Cuban capital, let the
tousit find the pertourist find the persharks out. Everybody wears as little clothing as possible, and the lower classes have but slight regard for the proprieties. The women commonly wears called wrapper and a pair of slippers upon their stockingless ection of sea travel in a cruise eastward to

St. Thomas, then southward around the Lesser Aptilles to Trinidad, on the coast of Venezuela, and thence along the Spanish main. At St. Thomas, at LaGuayra, at Savanilla, or at Carthagena, one may find a feet; the laboring men wear nothing but a broad sombrero and a pair of trousers, and the little children usually go entirely steamer for New York, or he may go as far as Aspinwall, and from there homeward by the Pacific mail boats, or across the gulf to New Orleans. The cost of the trip would be comparative-

ly less than a similar time spent in traveling on land, for there would be few hotel bills, only occasionally the hire of a carrisge, and the excursion tickets are sold at low fares. Five days in each week will be spent at ses, land will seldom be out of vision, all sorts of places will be visited and some most curious sights may be seen. The traveler will find a choice of most excellent ships, constructed for tropic travel and calm seas, will be troubled with no gales, no heavy swells, no cold, no storms and little seasickness. He will see all the principal ports of the West Indies and the north shore of South America, and will find plenty of rest, pleasure and novelty. THE STARTING POINT.

You take the steamer at Tampa, a little townsurrounded by orange groves and of Tibet, which it says has received from a strawberry beds, the southernmost point of the Florida railway system, and spend a day at Key West, that curious little camelsignated Buddha's country, and in it there shaped rock which rises from the ocean among the Florida reets. People generally suppose that Kew West bears about the same relation to Florida that Long Island are lofty, cloud-piercing galleries of precious things, and buildings of jade, from same relation to Florida that Long Island does to New York, or Martha's Vineyard to Massachusetts, and that the neighbors on the reef can talk across the channel while they are hanging out their clothes; but it isn't so. The Key is as much a "foreign part" to all appearances, as Cuba or New Zealand, with only a flag and a fortress as links connecting the mother country with this posthumous child. tree of perennial spring, and in another part is the heaven of perpetual youth. At Lhassa there are four temples, where the Dalai Lama is enthroned, and where he strolls about and enjoys himself. These temples are palatial in size, and very beautiful, with the dazzling splender of gold

The nearest point to Key West in Florida is over 90 miles, while the nearest town is Tamps, distant 20 hours by sea. You can run across to Havana, however, any day by a sailboat, and the result is that the island we own is an asylum for Cuban politicians. On this barren, scorching reef, for it is nothing more, simply a few square miles of coral there is a compact town of comfortless houses, sheltering from 15,000 to 20,000 peo-ple, less than half of them citizens of the United States, and the remainder Cubans, mostly political refugees or fugitives from

The Captain General of Cuba would played in cultivating wisdom, prefecting HOTBED OF REVOLUTION. steep easier if Key West should sink into the sea. Spain does not want our little island, but it would be a great relief if this refuge for disaffected politicians and embryo filibusters could in some way be ex-tinguished. The colonies of revolutionists are a perpetual menace to the Spanish authority at Havana, and most of the sav-ings of the Key West eigarmakers are de-voted to the cause of Cuban independence voted to the cause of Cuban independence, being collected regularly on every pay day by the "walking delegates." The United States officials are kept on the alert for violations of treaty obligations.

At Key West summer is perpetual, and at noonday every soul is asleep. The cocoanut trees nod drowsily and the great banana leaves droop under the heavy air. The flushed sun gilds the smooth trunks of the palms, the hum of the insects is hushed and the cigarmaker, who sings at his work while the morning mist lies upon the land, seeks the shelter of low-browed roofs,

the eigarmaker, who sings at his work while the morning mist lies upon the land, seeks the shelter of low-browed roofs, smokes his eigarette, sips his coffee and lies down to a siesta. The people share their slumber between the day and the night. They work in the early morning and the evening hours, give their nights to pleasure and the noonday to rest.

As one approaches Cuba from either side, the island appears to look up out of the sea like an enormous rock, rising in barren terraces until the landscape culminates in a mountain range that is wild, desolate and uninhabitable. It looks more like a part of Greenland than the "Pearl of the Tropics." Cuba is bigger than Maine or Virginia; 760 miles long and quite 100 broad in some places. More than half of it is barren and not susceptible of cultivation, as much a desert as Arizona, but between the mountains and on the elevate the sear like and the control of the sear like and the control of the sear like and the control of the sear like and the mountain peaks where the fiesh is cut into thin slices and thrown to the dogs to eat; this is called the earth interment. The sick do mot take medicine, but are placed in the scorehing heat of the sun, with their bodies daubed all over with butter. Referring, in conclusion, to the recent war in Sikkim, the desert as Arizona, but between the moun-tains and on the slopes to the seas lie the valleys which have produced more of value for their acreage than any soil in the

IMAGINATION AT FAULT. Morro Castle commands the entrance to the harbor, by which no vessel is allowed to pass without a licensed pilot from the city, and as all pilots shut up shop at sunset, no vessels can enter the harbor after that hour no matter what the weather may be outside Morro Castle carries one of the four lighthouses on a coast more than 1,800 miles long, and surrounded by dangerous reefs, and yet Spain pays \$24,000,000 a year to maintain an army in Cuby. This sum is wrung from the people to pay their op-

pressors.

The Cuba of the imagination is full of fair women, bananas, and sensuous luxury. The actual Cuba is far different. There is The actual Cuba is far different. There is no everlasting greenness and perpetual shade, but the greater part of the island is a bald and naked ridge of sand; for outside of the botanical gardens, and always excepting the paims, there isn't a tree in all Cuba big enough to make a saw-log that would pass inspection in Maine or Minnesota. The fields of sugar-cane are dry and dusty; the orange groves are usually full of tobacco.

The fields of sugar-cane are dry and dusty; the orange groves are usually full of tobacco plants; the trailing vines are in inaccessible swamps, with the murky rivers and alligators, and the most beautiful birds to be seen about Havana are the vultures, which do their share in keeping the city clean.

There are parks in Havana, and the people use them at night to sit in and chatter. There are no notices to keep off the grass, and none are needed; for where the turf should be it is as barren as a sea beach, and 100 yards would measure the shadows cast by all the shade trees in this Queen of the Tropics. ETERNAL SUMMEB.

CHASING THE SIOUX

With Buffalo Bill and the Fifth United States Cavalry.

THEATRICAL VS. REAL WARFARE. Pursuing at Hot Trail at Full Speed for

Forty-Five Miles. A GLORIOUS BUT FRUITLESS CHASE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ]



O threatening was the state of affairs in the Territories of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota in 1875 that General Crook was called from Arizona and placed in command of the Department of the Platte. He left the

ramifications, except one, "herded" at the reservations, where every man could be watched and accounted for. The excepted mug of coffee and a piece of hard tack while band was the Chiricahua, which the Indian I am bustling about among the men, and

get up early in the morning, take a cup of coffee and a roll, and go to their stores or offices. At 11 o'clock they return to their homes to bathe and eat their breakfast, which is the heartiest meal of the day. Then they take a long nap and return to business about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. All the stores are kept open in the evening, when the greater part of the retail business is done. All Havana is out at night in the parks and cases, or promenading in the streets, which swarm with people of all colors and ages. The gayety is kept up until long after midnight, when the Cuban retires to his couch or goes to the gaming table.

Beverly Crump. to touch, General Crook had whipped and brought to terms the whole Apache nation, and now the general Government sent for him to try his hand on the Sioux and their brothers in outlawry-the Cheyennes. Traveler's Marvelous Account of Tibet

OFF TO THE FRONT.

He had a fierce grapple with them in March, '76, far up beyond Fort Fetterman where the mercury stood at 30° below, and found them scientific fighters, and the finest light cavalry in the world. His advance guard fought Crazy Horse on "Patrick's small of the stock. "There are two of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. I haven't see them meaning on the success them meaning to the stock of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. I haven't see them meaning to the stock of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. I haven't see them meaning to the stock of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. I haven't see them meaning to the stock of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. I haven't see them meaning to the stock of the scouts waving to us on the ridge. Day in the morning" among the snow drifts of the dry fork of the Powder river and found him far too strong and skillful. But Crook persevered, pushed away until he had located the array of the hostiles along the foethills on the upper side of the Big Horn of Bill's frontier's men, hired as scouts, are

and jade.

In Ulterior Tibet are to be seen three temples where the Banchin Lama is enthroned. There the writing is all in Pali and is interpreted according to the Pali sounds. There are also a nine-stoired pagoda, which contains an image of Buddhalestic and the second of the pagoda. looking grave and stern among the seven predious things, towers high into the air. There temples, which are surrounded by fragrant olive trees and grape vines, planted and trained to interwine and make a deep shade, contain strange things from foreign lands. The common belief is that the Banchin Lama is a re-embodiment of Kin-The order came by telegraph early in June.

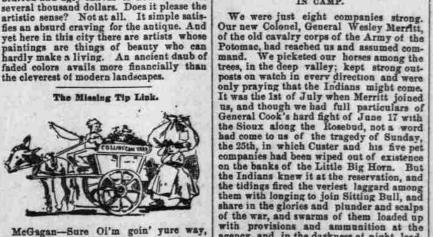
We were off by rail for Cheyenne the very next day, the Lieutenant Colonel commanding going ahead and taking me with manding going ahead and taking me with Railroad House at Cheyenne depot, after having selected a camp ground for the companies that were to arrive that night, when a telegram was handed him. He broke it purifying the heart, thoroughly mastering the religious canons, and abstaining from all dissipation. The Dalai Lama and the open, read it, and almost shouted with de-light "Hurrah! Bill Cody's coming!" and ossed it over to me.

BUFFALO BILL. by the people with offerings of sweet-scented flowers. They salute their superiors by taking off their hats and thrusting out their "Buffalo Bill" had long been the chief scout of the Fifth Cavalry, and was well known and thoroughly liked and trusted by every officer and man. It was he who took me on my first deer hunt, and with him tongues three times. The people say the climate differs every few miles. The punishments are very severe. No matter whether the crime be grave or trivial, the matter great or small, all offenders, when caught, I had had my first long gallop on the buf-falo trail, and when the regiment was or-dered to Arizona with General Crook in the fall of '71, it parted most reluctantly from Cody, who had married and settled near old Fort McPherson, and whose family could are tied up in a dark room with all their limbs bound, and kept there until dragged out for trial. Sentences of death are carried out by binding the criminal to a pillar and not bear the idea of his going to "Apache land." Yielding to the entreaties of Eastern show managers after his old comrades left him, Cody took to the footlights, and daubed all over with butter. Reterring, in conclusion, to the recent war in Sikkim, the him at the Chevenne railway station with the order establishing him chief of scouts of the Black Hills column.

The next week we were marching northwriter says that the inhabitants have almost been annihilated in a war with India, "but happily the high Imperial Minister Shing Chuh Shan, has gone forth to restore

ward, and the end of June found us lurking among the willows and cottonwoods down in the valley of the South Cheyenne river to the west and in three easy days' ride of the Black Hills of Dakota—just west of the broad Indian trail leading from the reserva-A dingy, time-worn, oil painting was sold tion on White river up to Sitting Bull. Making a wide circuit we had marched thither by General Sheridan's orders to cut in this city a few days ago for \$2 50. in a state of sufficient decay to warrant the off the constant communication and traffic between the hostiles at the front and the traders and blanket "Indians" at the rear, as well as to prevent further reinforcements somebody else saw in it a suggestion of Velasquez. Behold the result. The blurred and ugly canvas is now valued at several thousand dollars. Does it please the artistic sense? Not at all. It simple satisjoining the war chiefs by that route.

IN CAMP.



with provisions and ammunition at the agency, and, in the darkness of night, lead-ing their spare ponies, they would slip Just at dawn on the morning of the 3d of July, I rolled out of my blankets to superintend the grooming of the horses of "K" troop. Here were the same men who went Apache hunting with me in Arizona two
years before, but we left our California
borses at the border line, swapping with the
Sixth Cavalry and taking their taller,
longer and "rangy" Americans. These
horses, mainly from Missouri, Iowa and
Illinois, could not climb mountains like the

Illinois, could not climb mountains like the "goata" we rode on the Pacific alope, nor had they their endurance, but they could run faster, and might have to run their best before the day was over. Who could tell? It was a picturesque sight that greeted my eyes. The sun was not yet above the horison; the mist was creeping from some stagnant pools in the dry bed of the Cheyenna where two months earlier a roaring torrent rolled from shore to shore on its way to the

"Big Missouri." Here, there, everywhere, among the trees, the men were rolling out from under their blankets. Out in the glade, hoppied and "lariated" to their picket pins, the horses were cropping the scant but dewladen grass, and pricking up their ears and saluting their riders with neighing inquiry for oats.

BOOT AND SADDLE!

On the low branches hung saddles, bridles and carbine slings; here and there among the trees the amoke of tiny cook fires was beginning to curl skyward, and I was sniffing appreciatively the fragrant aroma of coffee, while my captain was beginning to yawn and look about him, and sit up to pull on his boots, (not a man of our troop had a symptom of uniform about him, by the way. We all wore the rough fiannel, canvas or buckskin scouting dress we had learned to value in Arizona) when down stream I heard sudden commotion. General Merrill's "orderly" came running through the trees and called suddenly to us as he ran: "Indians coming up the valley! as he ran: "Indians coming up the valley! General Merrill wants 'K' company quick

as possible."
"Saddle up, men! Lively now!" is the order. Down go curry combs and brushes!
Down come the saddles and bridles from the
low bushes; away run the men to their astonished and excited horses, and almost in
less time than it takes to tell it the whole Apaches completely subjugated, practically disarmed and the entire tribe with all its one, "herded" at the great rebellion, and is an old hand at these morning alarms, finds time to swallow a tin band was the Chiricahua, which the Indian Bureau saw fit to consider in the light of special proteges of its own; gave them unusual facilities for supplying themselves with magazine rifles and ammunition, and putting on airs at the expense of the less favored Indians.

That the Chiricahuas should speedily take advantage of the situation and become the toughest tribe in Arizona, and do more murdering and pillaging in proportion to their numbers than all the others put together was all a grievous surprise to the Bureau, but not to the soldiers who had made acquaintance with them. However, except these fellows whom he was forbidden to touch, General Crook had whipped and

OFF AND AWAY.

The first man we see is Buffalo Bill, bestriding a great strawberry roan, plunging across the sands below us, and waying his hat. "This way! This way!" he shouts, and Mason and I, riding side by side, now, break into rapid lope, and the whole troop with carbines grasped in brawny hands, comes cantaring at our beals."

seen them myself yet at all."
We form front into line at the gallop as

foethills on the upper side of the Big Horn range, and then found that under Sitting Bull, Gall, Two Moons, Crazy Horse and others there were probably 10,000 Indians encamped in the lovely valley of the Rosebud, and that Ogallalias, Boutes, Uncapapas, Blackfeet, Sans Arcs and Northern Cheyennes were out in force, and constantly receiving supplies and reinforcements from the great reservations of Red Cloud and Spotted Tail down on the White river, in the northeastern corner of Nebraska.

It was then that General Sheridan, who commanded the whole division of the Missouri, ordered the Fifth Cavalry to go up and reinforce the field army of their old Arizona chief and comrade. We had marched in overland from Arizona to Kansas the summer of '75, and were garrisoned along the Kansas Pacific Railway. The order came by telegraph early in June. We were off by rail for Chevenne the very

away as ever. IN HOT PURSUIT.

Rut now, having taken a shorter cut, Captain Kellogg and Lieutenant Reilly with "I" troop at their heels come riding alongside, the two companies trotting in parallel columns, and in this order five or six miles below the bivouse we strike the Valley of the Cheyenne once more, and still following our hat wavers far in the front, go plunging through the sand. Mason orders a moment's halt to water our steeds under the willows on the northern bank; then we go on again, and now, at last, we see something of the foe we are pursuing. Pony tracks by the dozen cross the stream bed as though scurrying in hot haste. Here and there a bag of provisions, bacon, flour or sugar (bearing the mark of the Red Cloud Agency)-a dirty red blanket or some other discarded item of impedimenta decks the soil: but the scouts are waving "come op,"

and now we ride at speed. left him, Cody took to the footlights, and when '76 came around, he had a company of his own, and was doing a thriving business. He was billed to play at Wilmington, Del., on the night of the 5th of June, '76, when he read in the paper that his old chums, the Fifth Cavairy, were ordered up to Wyoming, to take a hand in the Sioux war. Bill lost not a moment; telegraphing for his old place as chief of scouls, he cancelled his engagements at the close of the performance, bade goodbye to the audience with the words that in four days he would be in saddle and on the actual warpath The next half hour, full trot, we go north-westward toward a high range of bluffs that and many of them had ponies loaded with be in saddle and on the actual warpath again; paid off his company, and took the midnight train. Four days afterward I met dians could be seen riding along the range we were approaching, but they kept a strong party of active young warriors well out to the rear, who let drive their Winchesters the rear, who let drive their Winchesters and Henrys whenever the scouts pressed them too close, and yet scurried away on their nimble ponies as soon as we came within range. At last we caught sight of some of them, gaudy and glistening in war paint and feathers, as they rode full speed to the clone in the beams of the clonelless. up the slopes in the beams of the cloudless

A FRUITLESS CHASE.

sun.

We spurred and pressed on, all eagerness to overtake; we reached the summit of the lofty range, and followed it northward two mortal hours, occasionally exchanging a mortal hours, occasionally exchanging a long range shot or two with their rearmost riders, and pressing them so hard that several of them dropped their cooking kits and one fellow abandoned his saddle and blankets, but at last noon-day came. We had trotted, galloped, chased and panted just about 45 miles, and never got within striking distance of them. The trail was still "hot," but our horses had had enough of it, and were fairly worn out. Far down in the valley to the west, and over along the in the valley to the west, and over along the blufs of the Mini Pusa, we could see through my field glass that other companies of the regiment were halted to rest after fraitless search for the nimble light riders, and at last Mason sent out word to me to halt and wait for the main body to come up. He had directed me, with a few other light weights, to take the lead in the chase, and catch them if we could—but wa couldn't, for they had two horses to our one, and could swap in an instant when either was tired. Cody had said it was no use going further.
We were miles and miles from camp, and had had no bite of breakfast—not that that made much difference. We passed another brace of pack suddles, loaded with plunder, just as the order came to halt, and at last, fairly distanced, we dismounted, unsaddled and let our horses blow. The first chase of and let our horses blow. The first chase of the campaign was over, and we never had a show of winning. Late that evening we got back to the camp. Captain Leib's and Lieutenant Reilly's horses had dropped dead under them, and our run with Buffalo Bill was a thing of the past.

But we had much better luck the next time. Charles King, U. S. A.

A Frightful Example.

Philadelphia Record.]

Magistrate-What is your name? Facetious tramp-Robert Elemere. "Eh? Wha-why, bless me, I thought yenne Robert Elsmere was a preacher.

"Yes, y'r honor, I was. This is what to the doubtin' hes brought me too."